

HYMENS TRI- V M P H.

A Pastorall Tragicomædic.

Presented at the Queenes Court in the Strand at
her Maiesties magnificent intertainement of the
Kings most excellent Maiestie, being at
the Nuptials of the Lord
Roxborough.

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

Edw: Palmer



LONDON

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at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the signe
of the white Lyon. 1615.



TO THE MOST EXCELLENT MA-

IESTIE OF THE HIGHEST.
borne-Princesse, ANNE of Denmark,
Queene of England, Scotland, France
and Ireland



Ere, what your sacred influence
begat
(Most lou'd, and most respect-
ed Maiestie)
With humble heart, and hand, I
consecrate
Vnto the glory of your memo-
rie:

As being a piece of that solemnitie,
Which your Magnificence did celebrate
In hallowing of those roofes (you rear'd of late)
With fires and chearefull hospitalitie
Whereby, and by your splendent Worthines
Your name shal longer liue then shal your walles;
For, that faire structure goodnesse finishes,
Beares off all change of times, and neuer falles.
And that is it hath let you in so farre
Into the heart of England as you are.

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

And worthily, for, neuer yet was Queene
That more a peoples loue hath merited
By all good graces, and by hauing been
The meanes our State stands fast established
And blest by your blest wombe, who are this day
The highest borne Queene of Europe, and alone
Haue brought this land more blessings every way,
Then all the daughters of strange Kings haue
For, we by you no claimes, no quarrels haue, (done.
No factions, no betraying of affaires :
You doe not spend our blood, nor states, but saue :
You strength vs by alliance, and your haire.
Not like those fatall marriages of France,
For whom this kingdome hath so dearely paid,
Which onely our afflictions did aduance :
And brought vs farre more miseries, then aid.
Renowned Denmark, that hath furnished
The world with Princes, how much doe we owe
To thee for this great good thou dist bestow,
Whereby we are both blest, and honoured ?
Thou didst not so much hurt vs heretofore
But now thou hast rewarded vs farre more.
But what doe I on this high subiect fall
Here, in the front of this low Pastorall ?
This a more graue, and spacious roome requires
To shew your glorie, and my deepe desires.

Your Maiesties most humble seruant

SAMUEL DANIEL.



The Prologue.

Hymen opposed by *Auarice*, *Enuie*, and *Jealousie*
the disturbers of quiet marriage, first enters.

Hym. **I***N* this disguise and *Pastorall* attire,
Without my saffron robe, without my torch,
Or other ensignes of my duty :

I Hymen am come hither secretly,
To make Arcadia see a worke of glorie,
That shall deserue an everlasting storie.

Here, shall I bring you two the most entire
And constant louers that were ever seene,
From out the greatest sufferings of any
That fortune could inflict, to their full ioy :
Wherein no wilde, no rude, no antique sport,
But tender passions, motions soft, and graue,
The still spectators must expect to haue.

For, these are onely Cynthias recreatiues
Made vnto Phœbus, and are feminine ;
And therefore must be gentle like to her,
Whose sweet affections mildly mooue and stir.

And here, with this white wand, will I effect
As much, as with my flaming torch of Love :

The Prologue.

*And with the power thereof, affections moue
In these faire nymphes, and shepheards round about.*

*Enuie. Stay Hymen, stay; you shall not haue the day
Of this great glorie, as you make account:
We will herein, as we were euer wont,
Oppose you in the matches you addresse,
And undermine them with disturbances.*

*Hym. Now, doe thy worst, base Enuie, thou canst doe,
Thou shalt not disappoint my purposes.*

*Auarice. Then will I, Hymen, in despite of thee,
I will make Parents crosse desires of loue,
With those respects of wealth, as shall dissolue
The strongest knots of kindest faithfulnessse.*

*Hym. Hence, greedy Auarice; I know thou art
A bagge, that do'st bewitch the mindes of men:
Yet shalt thou haue no powre at all herein.* (canst;

*Iealousie. Then will I, Hymen, doe thou what thou
I will steale closely into linked hearts;
And soake their veines with colde distrustfulnessse;
And euer keepe them waking in their feares,
With spirits, which their imagination reares.*

*Hym. Disquiet Iealousie, vile furie, thou
That art the ougly monster of the minde,
Auant, be gone, thou shalt haue nought to doe
In this faire worke of ours, nor euermore
Canst enter there, where honour keepe the doore.*

*And therefore hideous furies, get you hence,
This place is sacred to integrity,
And cleane desires: your sight most loathsome is*

The Prologue.

Vnto so well dispos'd a companie.

*Therefore be gone, I charge you by my powre,
We must haue nothing in Arcadia, soure.*

*Enuie. Hymen, thou canst not chase vs so away,
For, looke how long as thou mak'st marriages,
So long will we produce incumbrances.*

*And we will in the same disguise, as thou,
Mixe vs among these shepheards, that we may
Effect our worke the better, being unknowne;
For, ill shew other faces then their owne.*

The Speakers.

Thyrsis.

Palamon, friend to *Thyrsis*.

Clarindo, *Silvia* disguised, the beloued of *Thyrsis*, supposed to be slaine by wild beasts.

Cloris, a Nymph whom *Clarindo* serued, and in loue with *Thyrsis*.

Phillis, in loue with *Clarindo*.

Montanus, in loue with *Phillis*.

Lidia, Nurse to *Phillis*.

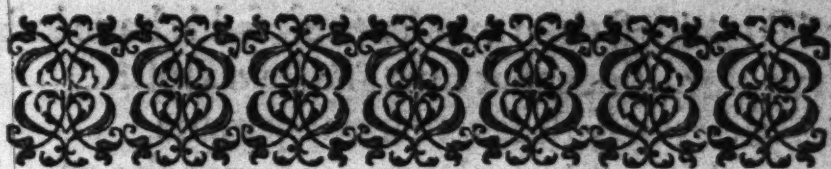
Dorcas. } Forresters.

Siluanus. }

Medorus, father to *Silvia*.

Charinus, father to *Thyrsis*.

Chorus of Shepheards.



ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Thirsis. Palæmon.

SO to bereft of all the ioyes of life,
How is it possible *Palæmon*, I
Should euer more a thought retaine
Of the least comfort vpon earth againe?

No, I would hate this heart, that hath receiu'd
So deepe a wound, if it should euer come
To be recur'd, or would permit a roome
To let in any other thing then griefe.

Pal. But *Thirsis* you must tel me what is the cause?
Thi. Think but what cause I haue, whē hauing pass'd
The heates, the colds, the trembling agonies
Of feares, and hopes, and all the strange assaults
Of passion, that a tender heart could feele
In the attempt, and pursuite of his loue.
And then to be vndone, when all was done,
To perish in the hauen, after all
Those Ocean suffrings, and euen then to haue
My hopefull Nuptiall bed, turn'd to a graue.

Pal. Good *Thirsis* by what meanes, I pray thee tell
Thi. Tell thee? alas *Palæmon*, how can I tell

A

And

And liue? doest thou not see these fields haue lost
 Their glory, since that time *Silua* was lost?
Silua, that onely deckt, that onely made
Arcadia shine; *Silua* who was (ah woe the while)
 So miserablier rent from off the world,
 So rapt away, as that no signe of her,
 No peece was left to tell vs by what meanes:
 Safe onely this poore remnant of her vaile,
 All torne, and this deere locke of her rent haire;
 Which holy reliques here I keepe with me,
 The sad memorials of her dismall fate.
 Who sure deuoured was vpon the shore
 By rauinous beasts, as she was walking there
 Alone, it seemes, perhaps in seeking me
 Or els retir'd to meditate apart
 The storie of our loues, and heauie smart.

Pal. This is no newes, you tell, of *Silua's* death.
 That was long since: why shold you waile her now?

Thi. Long since *Palamon*? thinke you any length
 Of time can euer haue a powre to make
 A heart of flesh not mourne, not grieue, not pine?
 That knows, that feels, that thinks as much as mine

Pal. But *Thirsis*, you know how her father meant
 To match her with *Alexis*, and a day
 To celebrate the nuptials was prefixt.

Thi. True, he had such a purpose, but in vaine,
 As oh it was best knowne vnto vs twaine.
 And hence it grew that gaue vs both our feares,
 That made our meeting health, our parting teares.

Hence

Hence was it, that with many a secret wile,
Wee rob'd our lookes th'onlookers to beguile
This was the cause, oh miserable cause,
That made her by her selfe to stray alone,
Which els God knowes, she neuer shold haue done.
For had our libertie as open beene,
As was our loues, *Silvia* had not beene seene
Without her *Thirsis*, neuer had we gone
But hand in hand, nor euer had mischance
Tooke vs asunder; shee had alwaies had
My bodie interpos'd betwixt all harmes
And her. But ah we had our libertie
Laid fast in prison when our loues were free.

Pa. But how knowst thou her loue was such to thee?

Thi. How do I know the Sun, the day from night?

Pal. Womens affections doe like flashes proue,
They oft shew passion when they feele small loue.

Thir. Ah do not so prophane that precious sexe,
Which I must euer reuerence for her sake,
Who was the glorie of her kinde; whose heart
In all her actions so transparant was
As I might see it cleere and wholly myne,
Alwayes observing truth in one right line.

How oft hath she bene vrg'd by fathers threats,
By friends perswasions, and *Alexis* sighs,
And teares and prayers, to admit his loue,
Yet neuer could be wonne? how oft haue I
Beheld the brauest heardsmen of these plaines,
(As what braue heardsman was there in the plaines

Of all *Arcadia*, that had not his heart
VV arm'd with her beames) to seek to win her loue.

Ah I remember well (and how can I
But euer more remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt, when as we fate and sigh'd
And lookd'vpon each other, and conceiu'd
Not what we ayld, yet something we did ayle.
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kilse, then sigh, then looke: & thus
In that first garden of our simplenesse
Wee spent our childhood: but when yeeres began
To reape the fruite of knowledge; ah how then
VVould she with grauer looks, with sweet stern brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardnes,
Yet still would giue me flowers, still would me shew
What she would haue me, yet not haue me know.

Pal. Alas with what poore Coyne are louers paid,
And taken with the smallest bayte is laid?

Thi. And when in sports with other company,
Of Nymphes and shepherds we haue met abroad
How would she steale a looke: and watch mine eye
Which way it went? and when at Barley breake
It came vnto my turne to rescue her,
With what an earnest, swift, and nimble pace
Would her affection make her feet to run
And farther run then to my hand? her race
Had no stop but my bosome where to end.

And

And when we were to breake againe, how late
And loath her trẽbling hand wold part with mine,
And with how slow a pace would shee set forth
To meet the'ncountring party, who contends
T'attaine her, scarce affording him her fingers ends?

Pal. Fie *Thirsis*, with what fond remembrances
Doeſt thou theſe idle paſſions entertaine?
For ſhame leaue off to waſte your youth in vaine,
And feede on ſhadowes: make your choice anew.
You other Nymphes ſhall find, no doubt will be
As lovely, and as faire: and ſweete as ſhe.

Thi. As faire and ſweete as ſhe? *Palemon* peace:
Ah what can pictures be vnto the life,
VVhat ſweetnes can be found in Images?
VVhich all Nymphes els beſides her ſeemes to me.
She onely was a reall creaturee, ſhee,
VVhoſe memory muſt take vp all of mee.
Should I another loue, then muſt I haue,
Another heart, for this is full of her,
And euermore ſhall be: here is ſhee drawne
At length, and whole, and more, this table is
A ſtorie, and is all of her; and all
Wrought in the liuelieſt colours of my bloud;
And can there be a roome for others heere?
Should I diſfigure ſuch a peece, and blot
The perfectſt workmanſhip loue euer wrought.
Palemon no, ah no, it coſt too deere,
It muſt remaine intire whiſt life remaines,
The monument of her and of my paines.

Pal. Thou maiest be such a fond Idolater
To die for loue ; though that were very strange.
Loue hath few Saints, but many confessors.
And time no doubt will raze out all these notes,
And leaue a roome at length for other thoughts.

Thi. Yes when there is no spring, no tree, no groue
In all *Arcadia* to record our loue:

And tell me where we were (the time we were)
How we did meete together, what we said ;
Where we did ioy, and where we fate dismai'd.
And then I may forget her, not before.
Till then I must remember one so deere,
VVhen euery thing I see tells me of her.

And you deere Reliques of that martred Saint,
My heart adores, you the perpetuall bookes
Whereon when teares permit, mine eye still looks:
Ah you were with her last, and till my last
You must remaine with me; you were reseru'd
To tell me shee was lost, but yet alas,
You cannot tell me how: I wold you could. (hood,

White spotlesse vaile, cleane, like her woman-
Which whilome covredst the most louely face
That euer eye beheld. Was there no message sent
From her by thee? Ah yes, there seemes it was ;
Here is a T made with her blood, as if
Shee would haue written, *This* *sis*, I am slaine
In seeking thee; sure so it should haue beene,
And so I reade it, and shall euer so.

And thou sweet remnant of the fairest haire,

That

That euer wau'd with winde. Ah thee I found
Wh n her I hop'd to finde, wrapt in a round,
Like to an O, the character of woe;
As if to say, *O Thirsis*, I diethine.
This much you tell me yet, dumb messengers,
Of her last minde; and what you cannot tell
That I must thinke, which is the most extreame
Of wofulnesse, that any heart can thinke.

Pal. There is no dealing with this man, I see,
This humour must be let to spend it selfe
Vnto a lesler substance, ere that we
Can any way apply a remedy.
But I lament his case, and so I know
Do all that see him in this wofull plight:
And therefore will I leaue him to himselfe,
For sorrow that is full, hates others sight. (maines

Thir. Come boy, whilst I contemplate these re-
Of my lost loue, vnder this myrtle tree,
Record the dolefull'st song, the sighing'st notes,
That musicke hath to entertaine bad thoughts.
Let it be all at flats my boy, all graue,
The tone that best befits the griefe I haue.

The Song.

*Had sorrow euer fitter place
To act his part,
Then is my heart,
Where it takes vp all the space?*

Hymens Triumph.

Where is no veine
 To entertaine
 A thought that weares another face,
 Nor will I sorrow euer haue,
 Therein to be,
 But onely thee,
 To whom I full possession gaue:
 Thou in thy name
 Must holde the same,
 Vntill thou bring it to the grave.

So boy, now leaue me to my selfe, that I
 May be alone to grieve, entire to misery.

SCEN. II.

Cloris.

Clarindo.

NOW gentle boy *Clarindo*, hast thou brought
 My flockes into the field?

Cla. Mistris I haue.

Clo. And hast thou told them?

Cla. Yes.

Clo. And are there all?

Cla. All.

Clo. And hast thou left them safe my boy?

Cla. Safe.

Clo.

Clo. Then whilst they feede, *Clarindo*, I must vse
Thy seruice in a serious businesse.
But thou must do it well my boy.

Cla. The best I can.

Clo. Do'st thou know *Thirsis*?

Cla. Yes.

Clo. But know'st him well?

Cla. I haue good reason to know *Thirsis* well.

Clo. What reason boy?

Cla. I oft haue seene the man.

Clo. Why then he knowes thee too? (late.)

Cla. Yes I suppose, vnles he hath forgotten me of

Clo. But hath he heard thee sing my boy?

Cla. He hath.

Clo. Then doubtles he doth well remember thee.
VVell, vnto him thou must a message do
From thy sad mistres *Cloris*; but thou must
Doe it exactly well, with thy best grace,
Best choice of language, and best countenance.
I know thou canst doe well, and hast a speech
And fashion pleasing to performe the same.
Nor can I haue a fitter messenger
In this imployment then thy selfe my boy.
For sure me thinkes, noting thy forme and grace,
That thou hast much of *Silvia* in thy face:
Which if he shall perceiue as well as I,
Sure, he will giue thee audience willinglie.
And for her sake, if not for mine, heare out
Thy message; for he still (though she be dead)

Holdes

Holdes sparkles of her vnextinguished.
 And that is death to me : for though sometimes
Silvia and I most deere companions were,
 Yet when I saw he did so much preferre
 Her before me, I deadly hated her ;
 And was not forie for her death, and yet
 Was forie shee should come to such a death.

But to the purpose, goe to *Thirsis*, boy:
 Say, thou art *Cloris* seruant, sent to be
 The messenger of her distressed teares :
 Who languishes for him, and neuer shall
 Haue comfort more, vnlesse he giue it her.

Cla. I will.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, ther's something else.
 Tell him, his cruelty makes me vndoe
 My modesty, and to put on that part
 VVhich appertaines to him, that is to wooc:
 And to disgrace my Sexe, to shew my heart,
 VVhich no man else could haue had powre to doe.
 And that vnlesse he doe restore me backe
 Vnto my selfe, by his like loue to me,
 I cannot liue.

Cla. All this I'll tell him too.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, there is yet more:
 Tell him, it will no honour be to him,
 When euer it shall come to be made knowne,
 That he hath beene her death that was his owne.
 And how his loue hath fatall beene to two
 Distressed nymphes.

Cla.

Cl. This will I tell him too.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, wilt thou say nothing else,
As of thy selfe, to waken vp his loue?

Thou mayst say something which I may not say,
And tell him how thou holdst me full as faire,
Yea and more faire, more lonely, more compleate
Then euer *Silvia* was. More wise, more stai'd,
How shee was but a light and wauering maid.

Cl. Nay there I leaue you, that I cannot say.

Clo. What sayst thou boy?

Cl. Nothing, but that I will
Endeavour all I can to worke his loue.

Clo. Doe good my boy: but thou must yet adde
As from thy selfe, & say, what an vnkinde (more,
And barbarous part it is to suffer thus
So beauteous and so rare a nymph to pine
And perish for his loue; and such a one,
As if shee would haue stoop'd to others flame,
Hath had the gallantst heardsmen of these fields
Fall at her feete: all which she hath despis'd,
Hauing her heart before by thee surpriz'd.

And now doth nothing else, but sit and mourne:
Speake *Thirsis*, weepe *Thirsis*, sigh *Thirsis*, and
Sleepe *Thirsis* when she sleepes, which is but rare.
Besides, good boy thou must not sticke to sweare,
Thou oft hast seene me sowne, & sinke to ground
In these deep passions, wherein I abound.
For something thou maist say beyond the truth,
By reason of my loue, and of thy youth.

Doe

Doe, good *Clarindo* sweare, and vow thus much.
 But do'st thou now remember all I say,
 Do'st thou forget no parcell of my speech,
 Shall I repeate the same againe to thee?
 Or els wilt thou rehearse it vnto mee?
 That I may know thou hast it perfect, boy.

Cla. It shall not need: be sure I will report,
 What you enioyne me, in most earnest sort.

Clo. Ah doe good boy. Although I feare it will,
 Auaile me little: for I doubt his heart
 Is repossessed with another loue.

Cla. Another loue? Who may that be, I pray?

Clo. With *Amarillis*, I haue heard: for they
 Are thought, will in the end make vp a match.

Cla. With *Amarillis*? Well, yet will I goe,
 And try his humour whether it be so?

Clo. Goe good *Clarindo*, but thou must not faile
 To worke effectually for my auaile.
 And doe not stay, returne with speed good boy,
 My passions are to great t'indure delay.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Clarindo sol.

T *Hers* in loue with *Amarillis*? then
 In what a case am I? what doth auaile,

This

This alfred habite, that belies my Sexe?
What boots it t'haue escap'd from pirats hands
And with such wiles to haue deceiu'd their wills,
If I returne to fall on worser ills?
In loue with *Amarillis*? is that so?
Is *Silvia* then forgot? that hath endur'd
So much for him? doe all these miseries
(Caus'd by his meanes) deserue no better hire?
Was it the greatest comfort of my life,
To haue return'd that I might comfort him?
And am I welcom'd thus? ah did mine eies
Take neuer rest, after I was arriu'd
Till I had seene him, though vnknowne to him?
Being hidden thus, and couer'd with disguise
And masculine attire, to temporize
Vntill *Alexis* mariage day be past,
Which shortly as I heare will be: and which
Would free me wholly from my fathers feare:
Who if he knew I were return'd, would yet
Vndoe I doubt that match, to match me there.
Which would be more then all my sufferings were.

Indeed me thought when I beheld the face
Of my deere *Thirsis*, I beheld a face
Confounded all with passion, which did much
Afflict my hart: but yet I litle thought
It could haue beene for any others loue.
I did suppose the memorie of me,
And of my rapture, had posselt him so,
As made him shew that countenance of woe.

And

And much adoe had I then to forbear
 From casting me into his armes, and yeild
 What comfort my poore selfe could yeild, but that
 I thought our ioyes would not haue bin complete,
 But might haue yeilded vs anoyes as great,
 Vnlesse I could come wholly his, and cleer'd
 From all those former dangers which we fear'd :
 VVhich now a little stay (though any stay
 Be death to me) would wholly take away.

And therefore I resolu'd my selfe to beare
 This burthen of our sufferings yet a while,
 And to become a seruant in this guise,
 To her I would haue skorned otherwise:
 And be at all commands, to goe, and come,
 To trudge into the fields, early, and late.
 VVhich though I know, it misbecomes my state:
 Yet it becomes my fortune, which is that,
 Not *Phyllis* whom I serue : but since I serue,
 I will doe what I doe most faithfully.

But *Thirsis*, is it possible that thou
 Shouldst so forget me, and forgo thy vowe?
 Or is it but a flying vaine report,
 That slanders thine affection in this sort?
 It may be so, and God grant it may be so:
 I shall soone finde if thou be false or no :
 But ah here comes my Fury, I must flie.

ACT. I

ACT. I. SCEN. IIII.

Phillis.

Clarindo.

Ah cruell youth, whither away so fast?

Cla. Good *Phillis* do not stay me, I haue haste.

Phi. What haste shouldst thou haue but to comfort
VVho hath no other comfort but in thee? (me,

Cla. Alas thou do'st but trouble me in vaine,
I cannot helpe thee: t'is not in my powre.

Phi. Not in thy powre *Clarindo*? ah if thou
Hadst any thing of manlines, thou would'st.

Cla. But if I haue not, what doth it auaille
In this sort to torment thy selfe and me?
And therefore pre thee *Phillis* let me goe.

Phi. Ah whither canst thou go, where thou shalt be
More deerely lou'd and cherisht then with me?

Cla. But that my purpose cannot satisfie,
I must be gone, there is no remedie.

Phi. O cruell youth, will thy hart nothing mope?
Shew me yet pitie, if thou shew not loue.

Cla. Beleeue me *Phillis* I do pitie thee;
And more, lament thy error, so farewell.

Phi. And art thou gone hard-hearted youth? hast
Thus disappointed my desires, and left (thou
My shame t'afflict me worser then my loue?

Now

Now in what case am I, that neither can
Recall my modestie, nor thee againe?

Ah were it now to do againe, my passions should
Haue smothered me to death, before I would
Haue shew'd the smallest sparkle of my flame.
But it is done, and I am now vndone.

Ah hadst thou bene a man, and had that part
Of vnderstanding of a womans hart,
My words had bene vnborne, onely mine eies
Had bene a tongue ynough to one were wise.
But this it is, to loue a boy, whose yeares
Conceiues not his owne good, nor weighes my
But this disgrace I iustly haue deseru'd (teares.

SCEN. V.

Lidia.

Phillis.

SO *Phillis* haue you, and y'are rightly seru'd.
Haue you disdain'd the gallant Forresters,
And brauest heardsmen all *Arcadia* hath,
And now in loue with one is not a man?
Assure your selfe this is a iust reuenge
Loue takes, for your misprision of his powre.
I told you often there would come a time,
When you would sure be plagu'd for such a crime:
But you would laugh at me, as one you thought
Conceiu'd not of what mettall you were wrought.
Is

Is this you, who would wonder any nymphes
 Could euer be so foolish as to loue?
 Who is so foolish now? *Phil.* Peace *Lidia*, peace,
 Adde not more griefe t' a hart that hath too much,
 Do not insult vpon her misery,
 Whose flame, God wot, needs water, and not oyle.
 Thou seest I am vndone, caught in the Toyle
 Of an intangling mischief: tell me how
 I may recouer, and vnwinde me now.

Lid. That doth require more time, we will apart
 Consult thereof, be you but rul'd by me,
 And you shall finde, I, yet, will set you free.

Exeunt.

The song of the first Chorus.

*Loue is a sicknesse full of woes,
 All remedies refusing;
 A plant that with most cutting growes;
 Most barren with best vsing.*

Why so?

*More we enioy it, more it dyes;
 If not enioy'd, it sighing cries,
 Hey ho.*

*Loue is a torment of the minde,
 A tempest eneralasting;*

B

And

Hymens Triumph.

*And Ioue hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.*

Why so?

*More we enioy it, more it dies,
If not enioyd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Silvanus.

Dorcas.

Montanus.

IN what a meane regard are we now held,
VVe actiue and laborious forresters?
VWho though our liuing rurall be and rough,
Yet heretofore were we for valour priz'd,
And well esteem'd in all good companies:
Nor would the daintiest nymphes that valleyes
Or fields inhabite, euer haue despis'd (haunt
Our siluane songs, nor yet our plaine discourse;
But gracefully accepted of our skill,
And often of our loues, when they haue seene
How faithfull and how constant we haue beene.

Dor. It's true *Silvanus*, but you see the times
Are altered now, and they so dainty growne,
By being ador'd, and woo'd, and followed so
Of those vnlinowed amorous heardsmen, who
By reason of their rich and mighty flockes,
Supply their pleasures with that plenteousnesse,

As

As they disdain our plainnesse, and do scorne
Our company, as men rude and ill borne,

Sil. V Vell, so they doe; but *Dorcas* if you marke
How oft they doe miscarie in their loue,
And how disloyall these fine heardsmen prooue;
You shall perceiue how their aboundant store
Payes not their expectation, nor desires.
Witnesse these groues wherein they oft deplore
The miserable passions they sustaine:
And how perfidious, wayward, and vnkinde,
They finde their loues to be; which we, who are
The eyes, and cares of woods, oft see and heare.
For hither to these groues they much resort,
And here one wayles apart the vsage hard
Of her disordred, wilde, and wilfull mate;
There mournes another her vnhappy state,
Held euer in restraint, and in suspect:
Another to her trusty confident,
Laments how shee is matcht to such a one
As cannot giue a woman her content.
Another grieues how shee hath got a foole,
Whose bed, although shee loath, shee must endure.
And thus they all vnhappy by that meanes
Which they accompt would bring all happinesse;
Most wealthely are plagu'd, with rich distresse.

Dor. And so they are, but yet this was not wont
To be the fashion here; there was a time
Before *Arcadia* came to be diseas'd
With these corrupted humors reigning now,

That choise was made of vertue and desert,
 VVithout respect of any other endes:
 VVhen loue was onely master of their hearts,
 And rul'd alone: when simple thoughts produc'd
 Plaine honest deedes, and euery one contends
 To haue his fame to follow his deserts,
 And not his shewes; to be the same he was,
 Not seem'd to be: and then were no such parts
 Of false deceiuings plaid, as now we see.

But after that accursed greedinesse
 Of wealth began to enter and possesse
 The hearts of men, integrity was lost,
 And with it they themselues, for neuer more;
 Came they to be in their owne powre againe.
 That Tyrant vanquish't them, made them all slaues,
 That brought base seruitude into the world,
 VVhich else had neuer bin; that only made
 Them to endure all whatsoeuer weights
 Powre could deuise to lay vpon their necke.
 For rather thē they would not haue, they would not
 But miserable. So that no deuice (be
 Needes else to keepe them vnder, they themselues
 Will beare farre more then they are made, thēselues
 Will adde vnto their fetters, rather then
 They would not be, or held to be great men.

Sil. Then *Dorcas*, how much more are we to prize
 Our meane estate, which they so much despise?
 Considering that we doe enioy thereby,
 The dearest thing in nature, *Liberty*.

And

And are not tortur'd with those hopes and feares,
Th'affliction laid on superfluities,
VVhich make them to obscure, and serue the times:
But are content with what the earth, the woods
And riuers neere doe readily afforde
And therewithall furnish our homly borde.
Those vn Bought cates please our vnlearned throats
That vnderstand not dainties, euen as well
As all their delicates, which doe but stuffe
And not sustaine the stomacke: and indeede
A well obseruing belly doth make much
For libertie; for he that can but liue,
Although with rootes, and haue no hopes, is free
VVithout the verge of any sou'raintie.
And is a Lord at home, commands the day
As his till night, and then reposes him
At his owne houres. thinkes on no stratagem
But how to take his game, hath no desaigne
To crosse next day: no plots to vndermine.

Der. But why *Montanus* doe you looke so sad?
VVhat is the cause your minde is not as free
As your estate? what, haue you had of late
Some coy repulse of your disdainfull nymph,
To whome loue hath subdu'd you? who indeede
Our only master is, and no Lord else
But he, hath any power to vex vs here;
Which had he not, we too too happy were.

Mon. In troth I must confesse, when new you two
Found me in yonder thicket, I had lost

My selfe, by hauing scene that which I would
I had not had these eyes to see; and iudge
If I great reason haue not to complaine:

You see I am a man, though not so gay

And delicately clad, as are your fine

And amorous dainty heardsmen; yet a man,

And that not base, not vn-allyd to *Pan*;

And of a spirit doth not degenerate

From my robustious manly ancestours,

Being neuer foild in any wrastring game,

But still haue borne away the chiefeft prize

In euery braue and actiue exercise.

Yet notwithstanding that disdainfull maid,

Prowd *Phyllis*, doth despise me and my loue,

And will not daigne so much as here me speake,

But doth abiure, forsooth, the thought of loue.

Yet shall I tell you (yet asham'd to tell;)

This coy vnloving soule, I saw ere while

Soliciting a youth, a smooth fac'd boy,

Whom in her armes shee held (as seem'd to me,

Being closely busht a prery distance off,)

Against his will; and with strange passion vrg'd

His stay, who seem'd, struggled to get away,

And yet shee staid him, yet intreats his stay.

At which strange sight, imagine I that stood

Spectatour, how confoundedly I stood,

And hardly could forbear from running in

To claime for mine, if euer loue had right,

Those her imbraces cast away in sight:

But

But staying to behold the end, I staid
Too long; the boy gets loose, her selfe retyres,
And you came in; but if I liue, that boy
Shall dearely pay for his misfortune, that
He was beloued of her, of whom I would
Haue none on earth beloued, but my selfe.

Dor. That were to bite the stone, a thing vniust,
To punish him for her conceiued lust.

Mon. Tush, many in this world we see are caught,
And suffer for misforrune, not their fault.

Sil. But that would not become your manlines,
Montanus, it were shame for valiant men
To doe vnworthily.

Aeon. Speake not of that, *Siluanus*, if my rage
Irregular be made, it must worke like effects.

Dor. These are but billowes, tumbling after
They last not long, come let some exercise (storms,
Diuert that humour, and conuert your thoughts
To know your selfe; scorne her who scorneth you;
Idolatrize not so that Sexe, but hold
A man of strawe, more then a wife of gold.

Exeunt.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Lidia.

Phillis.

You must not, *Phillis*, be so sensible (makes.
Of these small touches which your passion

Phi. Small touches *Lidia*, do you count the small?
 Can there vnto a woman worfe befall
 Then hath to mee? what? haue not I lost' all
 That is most deare to vs, loue and my fame?
 Is there a third thing *Lidia* you can name
 That is so precious as to match with these?

Lid. Now fily girle, how fondly doe you talke?
 How haue you lost your fame; what for a few
 Ill-fauour'd louing words, vttered in ieast
 Vnto a foolish youth? Cannot you say
 You did but to make triall how you could,
 If such a peeuisish qualme of passion should
 (As neuer shall) oppresse your tender heart,
 Frame your conceit to speake, to looke, to sigh
 Like to a heart-strooke louer; and that you
 Perceiuing him to be a bashfull youth,
 Thought to put spirit in him, and make you sport.

Phi. Ah *Lidia*, but he saw I did not sport,
 He saw my teares, and more, what shall I say?
 He saw too much, and that which neuer man
 Shall euer see againe whil' st I haue breath.

Lid. Are you so simple as you make your selfe?
 VVhat did he see? a counterfeited shew
 Of passion, which you may, if you were wise,
 Make him as easily to vnbelecue,
 As what he neuer saw; and thinke his eyes
 Conspir'd his vnderstanding to deceiue.

How many women, thinke you, being espide
 In neerer-touching cases by mischance,

Haue

Haue yet not onely fac'd their lovers downe
For what they saw, but brought them to belecue
They had not seene the thing which they had seen,
Yea and to sweare it too; and to condemne
Themselues? such meanes can wit deuise
To make mens mindes vncredit their owne eyes.

And therefore let not such a toy as this
Disease your thoughts: and for your losse of loue,
It is as much as nothing. I would turne
A passion vpon that should ouerturne
It cleane, and that is wrath; one heate
Expels another: I would make my thoughts of
To be in height so much aboue my loue, (skorne
As they should ease and please me more by farre.
I would disdaine to cast a looke that way
Where he should stand, vnlesse it were in skorne,
Or thinke a thought of him, but how to worke
Him all disgrace that possibly I could.

Phi. That *Lidia* can I neuer doe, let him
Do what he will to me: report my shame,
And vaunt his fortune, and my weaknesse blame.

Lid. Nay as for that, he shall be so well charmd
Ere I haue done, as you shall feare no tales.

Phi. Ah *Lidia*, could that be without his harme,
How blessed should I be? But see where comes
My great tormentour, that rude Forrester.
Good *Lidia* let vs flie, I hate his sight
Next to the ill I suffer: let vs flie,
VVe shall be troubled with him wofully.

Lid.

Lid. Content you *Phillis*, stay & heare him speake
We may make vse of him more then you thinke.

Phil. What vse can of so grosse a peece be made?

Lid. The better vse be sure, for being grosse
Your subtler spirits fall of their finest
Serue their owne turnes in other

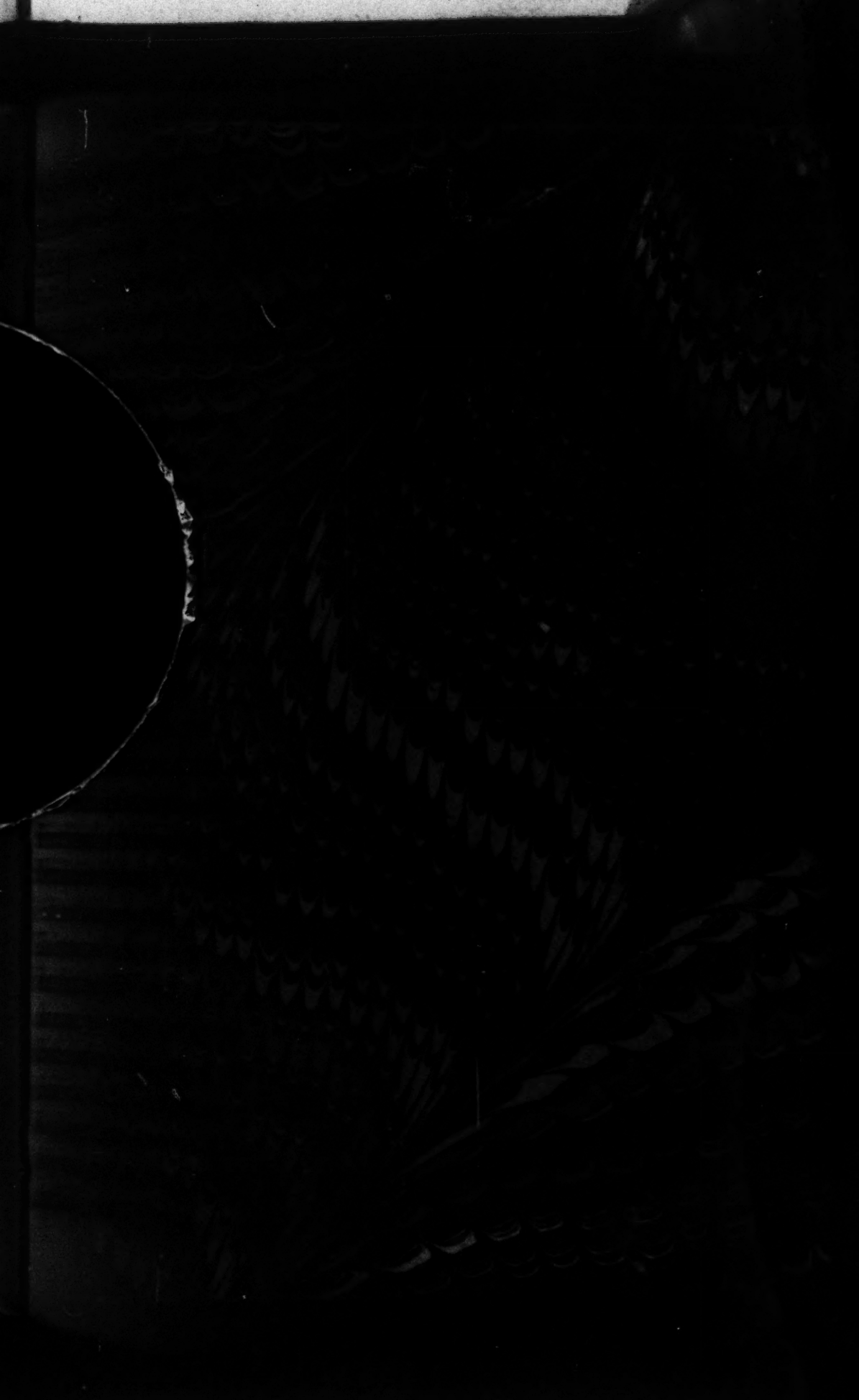
ACT. II.

Montanus.

What pleasure can I finde
When I my selfe thus finde
By mine owne passions, and
Let them who haue their hearts
Attend those sports. I cannot but
Where I receiue my hurt, here murther
The maze of my perplexed miserie.

And here see where there is the cause of all?
And now, what shall I doe? what shall I say?
How shall I looke? how stand? which vtter first?
My loue or wrath? Alas I know not which.
Now were it not as good haue beene away,
As thus to come, and not tell what to say?

Phil. See *Lidia* see, how sauely hee lookes,
Good let vs goe, I neuer shall endure
To heare him bellow. *Lid.* Prethee *Phillis* stay



Lid. Content you *Phillis*, stay & heare him speake:
We may make vse of him more then you thinke.

Phil. What vse can of so grosse a peece be made?

Lid. The better vse be sure, for beeing grosse,
Your subtler spirits full of their finesses,
Serue their owne turnes in others busineses.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Montanus. Lidia. Phillis.

What pleasure can I take to chase wild beasts,
When I my selfe am chac'd more egarly
By mine owne passions, and can finde no rest?
Let them who haue their heart at libertie,
Attend those sports. I cannot be from hence,
Where I receiu'd my hurt, here must I tread
The maze of my perplexed miserie.

And here see where shee is the cause of all?
And now, what shall I doe? what shall I say?
How shall I looke? how stand? which vtter first?
My loue or wrath? Alas I know not which.
Now were it not as good haue beene away,
As thus to come, and not tell what to say?

Phil. See *Lidia* see, how sauagely hee lookes,
Good let vs goe, I neuer shall endure
To heare him bellow. *Lid.* Prethee *Phillis* stay

And

And giue him yet the hearing, in respect
Hee loues you, otherwise you shew your selfe
A sauage more then hee. *Phil.* Well, it I heare,
I will not answere him a word, you shall reply,
And prethee *Lidia* doe, reply for mee.

Lid. For that wee shall, *Phyllis*, doe well enough
When he begins, who seemes is very long
To giue the onfet, sure the man is much
Perplexed, or he studies what to say.

Phil. Good *Lidia* see how he hath trickt himselfe,
Now sure this gay fresh suite as seemes to mee
Hangs like green luy on a rotten tree. (your goates:

Lid. Some beasts doe weare gray beards beside
And bear with him, this suit bewraies yong thoughts

Mon. Ah was it not enough to be oppressd
With that confounding passion of my loue
And her disdaine, but that I must be torne
With wrath and enuie too, and haue no veine
Free from the racke of sufferings, that I can
Nor speake nor thinke but most distractedly?

How shall I now begin, that haue no way
To let out any passion by it selfe,
But that they all will thrust together so
As none will be exprested as they ought?
But something I must say now I am here.
And be it what it will, loue, enuie wrath,
Or all together in a comberment,
My words must be like me, perplext and rent,
And so I le to her. *Phi.* *Lidia*, see he comes.

Lid.

Lid. He comes indeed, and as me thinkes doth
More trouble in his face by farre, then loue. (shew

Mon. Faire *Phillis*, and too faire for such a one,
Vnlesse you kinder were, or better then
I know you are : how much I haue endur'd
For you, although you skorne to know, I feele,
And did imagine, that in being a man
Who might deserue regard, I should haue bin
Prefer'd before a boy. But well, I see
Your seeming and your being disagree. (thus

Phi. What *Lidia*, doth he brawle? what meanes he
To speake and looke in this strange sort on me?

Mon. VVell modest *Phillis*, neuer looke so coy,
These eyes beheld you dallying with a boy.

Phi. Me with a boy, *Montanus*? when? where? how?

Mon. To day, here, in most lasciuious sort.

Lid. Ah, ha, belike he sawe you *Phillis*, when
This morning you did striue with *Cloris* boy.
To haue your garland, which he snatcht away,
And kept it from you by strong force and might:
And you againe laid hold vpon the same,
And held it fast vntill with much adoe
He wrung it from your hands, and got away.
And this is that great matter which he saw.

Now fye *Montanus* fye, are you so grosse,
T' imagine such a worthy nymph as shee
VVould be in loue with such a youth as he?
VVhy now you haue yndone your credit quite,
You neuer can make her amends for this

So impious a surmise, nor euer can
 Shee, as shee reason hath, but must despise
 your grossenesse; who should rather haue come in
 And righted her, then suffer such a one
 To offer an indignity so vile,
 And you stand prying in a bush the while.

Mon. VVhat do I heare? what, am I not my selfe?
 How? haue mine eyes double vndone me then?
 First seeing *Phillis* face, and now her fact,
 Or else the fact I saw, I did not see?
 And since thou hast my vnderstanding wrong'd,
 And traytour-like giuen false intelligence,
 VVhereby my iudgement comes to passe amisse.
 And yet I thinke my sence was in the right:
 And yet in this amaze I cannot tell,
 But howsoere, I in an errour am,
 In louing, or beleeuing, or in both.
 And therefore *Phillis*, at thy feet I fall,
 And pardon craue for this my grosse surmise.

Lid. But this, *Montanus*, will not now suffice.
 You quite haue lost her, and your hopes and all.

Mon. Good *Lidia* yet intreate her to relent,
 And let her but command me any thing
 That is within the power of man to do,
 And you shall finde *Montanus* will performe
 More then a Gyant, and will stead her more
 Then all the heardsmen in *Arcadia* can.

Lid. Shee will command you nothing; but I wish
 You would a little terrifie that boy

For

As he may neuer dare to vse her name
 But in all reuerence as is fit for her.
 But doe not you examine him a word;
 For that were neither for your dignity,
 Nor hers, that such a boy as he should stand
 And iustifie himselfe in such a case,
 Who would but faine vntruths vnto your face.
 And herein you some seruice shall performe,
 As may perhaps make her to thinke on you.

Mon. Alas, this is a worke so farre, so low
 Beneath my worth, as I account it none,
 Were it t'ineounter some fierce mountaine beast
 Or monster, it were something fitting mee.
 But yet this will I doe, and doe it home,
 Assure you *Lidia*: as I liue I will.

Phi. But yet I would not haue you hurt the youth,
 For that were neither grace for you nor mee.

Mon. That as my rage will tollerate must be.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Cloris.

Clarindo.

HEere comes my long expected messenger,
 God grant the newes hee brings may make
 For his long stay; and sure, I hope it will. (amends
 Me thinkes his face bewraies more iollytie

In

In his returning then in going hence.

Cla. Well, all is wel; no *Amarillis* hath
Supplanted *Silvius* love in *Thirsis* heart,
Nor any shall: but see where *Cloris* looks
For what I shall not bring her at this time.

Clo. *Clarindo* though my longing would be faine
Dispatch'd at once, & heare my doome pronounc'd
All in a word of either life or death,
Yet do not tell it but by circumstance.
Tell me the manner where, and how thou foundst
My *Thirsis*, what he said, how look'd, how far'd,
How he receau'd my message, vsed thee;
And all in brieft, but yet be sure tell all.

Cla. All will I tell as neere as I can tell.
First after tedious searching vp and downe,
I found him all alone, like a hurt Deere,
Got vnder couer in a shadie groue,
Hard by a little christall purling spring,
Which but one sullen note of murmur held;
And where no sunne could see him, where no eye
Might ouerlooke his louely primacy.
There in a path of his owne making, trode
Bare as a common way, yet led no way
Beyond the turnes he made (which were but short)
With armes acrosse, his hat downe on his eyes
(As if those shades yeelded not shade ynough,
To darken them) he walkes with often stops,
Vneuen pace, like motions to his thoughts.

And when he heard me comming, for his cares
Were

VVere quicker watches then his eyes, it seem'd;
 He suddenly looks vp, staies suddenly,
 And with a brow that told how much the sight
 Of any interrupter troubled him,
 Beheld me, without speaking any word,
 As if expecting what I had to say.

I finding him in this confus'd dismay,
 (VVho heretofore had seene him otherwise:
 I must confesse, (for tell you all I must,)
 A trembling passion ouerwhelmd my breast,
 So that I likewise stood confus'd and dumbe,
 And onely lookt on him, as he on me.

In this strange posture like two statues we
 Remaind a while; but with this difference set:
 He blusht, and I look'd pale; my face did shew
 Ioy to see him, his trouble to be seene.

At length bethinking me for what I came,
 VVhat part I had to act, I rowzd my spirits,
 And set my selfe to speake; although I wisht
 He would haue first begun; and yet before
 A word would issue, twice I bowd my knee,
 Twice kist my hand; my action so much was
 More ready then my tongue: at last I told
 VVhose messenger I was, and how I came
 To intimate the sadde distressed case
 Of an afflicted nymph, whose onely helpe
 Remaind in him: he when he heard the name
 of *Cloris*, turnes away his head, and shrinkes,
 As if he griued that you should griue for him.

No

Clo. No, no, it troubled him to heare my name,
Which he despises, is he so pervers
And wayward still? ah then I see no hope.

Clarindo, would to God thou hadst not gone,
I could be, but as now, I am vndone.

Cla. Haue patience Mistres, & but heare the rest.
When I perceiu'd his suffering, with the touch
And sodaine stop it gaue him, presently
I layd on all the waights that motion might
Procure, and him besought, adiu'd, invok'd,
By all the rights of Nature, pietie,
And manlines, to heare my message out.
Told him how much the matter did import
Your safetie and his fame. How hee was bound
In all humanity to right the same. (then?)

Clo. That was well done my boy, what said he

Cla. Hee turnes about, and fixt his eyes on mee,
Content to giue his eares a quiet leaue,
To heare me. when I faild not to relate
All what I had in charge, and all he heares,
And lookes directly on me all the while.

Clo. I doubt he noted thee more then thy words,
But now *Clarindo*, what was his reply?

Cla. Thus. Tel faire *Clariss*, my good boy, how that
I am not so disnatur'd a man,
Or so ill borne, to disesteeme her loue,
Or not to griene, (as I protest I doe)
That shee should so afflict her selfe for mee.

But. *Clo.* Ah now comes that bitter word of But

C

Which

Which makes all nothing, that was said before.
 That smoothes & wounds, that stroakes and dashes
 Then flat denyals, or a plaine disgrace. (more
 But tell me yet what followed on that *But*?

Cla. Tell her (said hee) that I desire shee would
 Redeeme her selfe at any price shee could,
 And neuer let her thinke on mee, who am
 But euen the barke, and outside of a man,
 That trades not with the liuing, neither can
 Nor euer will keepe other company.

Then with the dead. My *Siluias* memory
 Is all that I must euer liue withall.

With that his teares, which likewise forced mine,
 Set me againe vpon another racke

Of passion so, that of my selfe I sought
 To comfort him the best I could deuise.

And I besought him that he would not be
 Transported thus. But know that with the dead
 He should no more conuerse: and how his loue
 Was liuing, that would giue him all content,
 And was all his intire, and pure, and wisht
 To liue no longer then shee should be so.

When more I would haue said, he shooke his head
 And wild me speake no further at that time,
 But leaue him to himselfe, and to returne
 Againe anone, and he would tell me more;
 Commending me for hauing done the part
 Both of a true and mouing messenger.

And so I tooke my leaue, and came my way.

Clo.

Clo. Returne againe? no, to what end,
If hee be so conceited, and so fond
To intertaine a shadow; I haue done,
And wish, that I had neuer done so much:
Shall I descend below my selfe, to send
To one is not himselfe? Let him alone
With his dead image: you shall goe no more.
Haue I here fram'd with all the art I could
This garland deckt with all the various flowres,
Arcadia yeelds, in hope he would send backe
Some comfort, that I might therewith haue crown'd
His loue, and witness'd mine, in the dandles round
Of this faire ring, the Character of faith?

But now he shall haue none of it, I rather will
Rend it in peeces, and dishatter all
Into a Chaos, like his formeles thoughts.

But yet thou saist he wilde thee to returne,
And he would tell thee more.

Cla. Yes so he saide.

(him)

Clo. Perhaps thy words might yet so worke with
As that hee takes this time to thinke on them,
And then I should doe wrong to keepe thee backe:
Well thou shalt goe, and carry him from mee
This garland, worke it what effect it will.

But yet I know it will doe nothing. Stay
Thou shalt not goe, for sure hee said but that
To put thee off, that he might be alone
At his idolatrie, in worshipping
A nothing, but his selfe made images.

But yet he may be wearied with those thoughts
 As hauing worne them long, and end they must :
 And this my message comming in fit time,
 And moouingly deliuered, may take hold :
 He said thou wert a moouing messenger
Clarindo, did he not ?

Cla. Yes so he said.

Clo. Well, thou shalt goe; and yet if any thought
 Of me should mooue him, he knowes wel my mind
 (if not too well) and where he may me finde.
 Thou shalt not goe *Clarindo*, nor will I
 Disgrace me more with importunity :
 And yet if such a motion should take fire,
 And finde no matter ready, it would out,
 And opportunities must not be slackt
Clarindo, thou shalt goe, and as thou goest,
 Look to my flocke, and so God speed thee well.

SCEN. V.

Clarindo, alias *Silvia* sol.

WELL, this imployment makes for my auaille,
 For hereby haue I meanes to see my loue ;
 Who likewise sees me, though he sees me not ;
 Nor doe I see him as I would I did.
 But I must by some meanes or other make
 Him know I liue; and yet not so as he

May

May know that I am I, for feare we might
 Miscary in our ioyes by ouer haste.
 But it is more then time his sufferings were
 Releeu'd in some close sort; and that can I deuise
 No way to doe, but by relating how
 I heard of an escape a nymph did make
 From pirats lately, and was safe return'd.
 And so to tell some storie that containes
 Our fortunes and our loues, in other names;
 And wish him to expect the like euent;
 For I perceiue him very well content
 To heare me speake; and sure he hath some note,
 Although so darkly drawne, as that his eyes
 Cannot expressely reade it; yet it shoves
 Him somthing, which he rather feels, then knowes.

The song of the second Chorus.

*Desire that is of things vngot,
 See what trauaile it procureth,
 And how much the minde endureth,
 To gaine what yet it gaineth not:
 For neuer was it paid,
 The charge defraide,
 According to the price of thought.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Charinus, the father of Thirsis. Palemon.

P *Alemon*, you me thinkes might something work
With *Thirsis* my aggrecued sonne, and sound
His humour what it is: and why he thus
Afflicts himselfe in solitarinesse.
You two were wont to be most inward friends,
And glad I was to see it; knowing you
To be a man well tempred, fit to sort
VVith his raw youth; can you doe nothing now,
To win him from this vile captiuitie
Of passion, that withholdes him from the world?

Pal. In troth, *Charinus*, I haue oftentimes,
As one that suffred for his grieuances,
Assayd to finde a way into the cause
Of his so strange dismay; and by all meanes
Aduis'd him make redemption of himselfe,
And come to life againe, and be a man
With men: but all serues not, I finde him lockt
Fast to his will, alleadge I what I can.

Char. But will he not impart to you the cause?

Pal. The cause is loue; but it is such a loue,
As is not to be had. *Cha.* Not to be had?
Palemon, if his loue be regular,

Is

Is there in all *Arcadia* any shee,
Whom his ability, his shape, and worth
May not attaine, he being my onely sonne?

Pal. Shee is not in *Arcadia* whom he loues,
Nor in the world, and yet he deerely loues.

Cha. How may that be, *Palemon*? tell me plaine.

Pal. Thus plainly; he's in loue with a dead woman,
And that so farre, as with the thought of her
Which hath shut out all other, he alone
Lives, and abhorres to be, or see, or knowne. (so?

Cha. What was this creature could possesse him

Pal. Faire *Silvia*, old *Medorus* daughter, who
Was two yeares past reported to be slaine
By sauage beasts vpon our countrey shore.

Cha. Is that his griefe? alas, I rather thought
It appertain'd vnto another's part

To wayle her death: *Alexis* should doe that
To whom her father had disposed her,
And shee esteemed onely to be his.

Why should my sonne afflict him more for her,
Then doth *Alexis*, who this day doth wed
Faire *Galatea*, and forgets the dead?

And here the shepheards come to celebrate
His ioyfull nuptials with all merriment,
Which doth increase my cares, considering
The comforts other parents doe receiue:
And therefore good *Palemon* worke all meanes
You can to win him from his peeuish will,
And draw him to these shewes, to companies,

That others pleasures may inkindle his.

And tell him what a sinne he doeth commit,
To waste his youth in solitarinelle,
And take a course to end vs all in him.

Pal. Assure your selfe (*Charinus*, as I haue
So will I still imploy my vtmost powre,
To saue him; for me thinks it pittie were,
So rare a peece of worth should so be lost,
That ought to be preferued at any cost.

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Charinus. Medorus.

M *Ederus* come, we two must sit, and mourne
Whilst others reuell. We are not for sports,
Or nuptiall shewes, which will but shew vs more
Our mileries, in beeing both depriu'd,
The comforts of our issue, which might haue
(And was aslike to haue) made our hearts
As ioyfull now, as others are in theirs.

Med. In deed *Charinus*, I for my part haue
Iust cause to grieue amidst these festiuals,
For they should haue been mine. This day I should
Haue seene my daughter *Silvia* how she would
Haue womand it; these rites had bene her grace,
And shee had sat in *Galateas* place.

And

And now had warm'd my heart to see my bloud
 Preferu'd in her ; had shee not beene so rapt
 And rent from off the living as shee was.

But your case is not pararell with mine,
 You haue a sonne, *Charinus*, that doth liue,
 And may one day to you like comforts giue.

Cha. Indeed I haue a sonne; but yet to say he liues,
 I cannot ; for who liues not to the world,
 Nor to himselfe, cannot be said to liue:
 For euer since that you your daughter lost,
 I lost my sonne : for from that day he hath
 Imbrak d in shades and solitarinesse,
 Shut himselfe vp from sight or company
 Of any living: and as now I heard,
 By good *Palemon*, vows still so to doe. (deare?

Med. And did your sonne, my daughter loue so
 Now good *Charinus*, I must grieue the more,
 If more my heart could suffer then it doth ;
 For now I feele the horreur of my deede,
 In hauing crost the worthiest match on earth.
 Now I perceiue why *Silvia* did refuse
 To marrie with *Alexis*, hauing made
 A worthier choice ; which oh had I had grace
 To haue foreseene, perhaps this dismall chance
 Neuer had bene, and now they both had had
 Ioy of their loues, and we the like of them.

But ah my greedy eye, viewing the large
 And spacious sheep-walkes ioyning vnto mine,
 Whereof *Alexis* was posselt, made me,

As

As worldlings doe, desire to marry grounds,
 And not affections, which haue other bounds.
 How oft haue I with threats, with promises,
 VVith all perswasions, sought to win her minde
 To fancie him, yet all would not preuaile?
 How oft hath shee againe vpon her knees
 VVith teares besought me; Oh deare father mine
 Doe not inforce me to accept a man
 I cannot fancie: rather take from mee,
 The life you gaue me, then afflict it so.

Yet all this would not alter mine intent,
 This was the man shee must affect or none.
 But ah what sinne was this to torture so
 A hart forevow'd vnto a better choice,
 VVhere goodnesse met in one the selfe same point,
 And vertues answer'd in an equall ioynt?
 Sure, sure, *Charinus*, for this sinne of mine
 The gods bereaft me of my childe, and would
 Not haue her be, to be without her heart,
 Nor me take ioy where I did none impart.

Cha. Medorus, thus wee see mans wretchednesse
 That learnes his errours but by their successe,
 And when there is no remedie; and now
 Wee can but wish it had beene otherwise.

Med. And in that wish *Charinus* we are rackt;
 But I remember now I often haue
 Had shadowes in my sleepe that figures bare
 Of some such liking twixt your childe and mine.
 And this last night a pleasing dreame I had
 (Though

(Though dreams of ioy makes wakers minds more
 Me thought my daughter *Silvia* was return'd (sad)
 In most strange fashion, and vpon her knees
 Craues my good will for *Thirsis*, otherwise
 She would be gone againe and seene no more.

I at the sight of my deare childe, was rapt
 With that excelsse of ioy, as gaue no time
 Either for me to answer her request,
 Or leaue for sleepe to figure out the rest.

Cha. Alas *Medorus*, dreames are vapours, which
 Ingendred with day thoughts, fall in the night
 And vanish with the morning; are but made
 Afflictions vnto man, to th' end he might
 Not rest in rest, but toyle both day and night.

Bnt see here comes my solitarie sonne:
 Let vs stand close *Medorus* out of sight,
 And note how he behaues himselfe in this
 Affliction, and distressed case of his.

SCEN. III.

Thirsis solus.

THis is the day, the day, the lamentable day
 Of my destruction, which the Sun hath twice
 Returnd vnto my grieve, which keepe one course
 Continually with it in motion like.

But

But that they neuer set: this day doth claime
 Th'especiall tribute of my sighes and teares,
 Though every day I duely pay my teares
 Vnto that soule which this day left the world.

And yet I know not why? me thoughts the Sun
 Arose this day with farre more cheerefull rayes
 With brighter beames, then vsually it did
 As if it would bring something of release
 Vnto my cares, or else my spirit hath had
 Some manner of intelligence with hope
 Wherewith my heart is vnacquainted yet:
 And that might cause mine eie with quicker sence,
 To note th'appearing of the eye of heauen;
 But something sure I feele which doth beare vp
 The weight of sorrow easier then before.

SCEN. IV.

Palamon.

Thirsis.

WHat *Thirsis* still in passion? still one man?
 For shame shew not your selfe so weakely
 So feebly ioynted that you cannot beare (set,
 The fortunes of the world like other men.
 Beleeue me *Thirsis* you much wrong your worth:
 This is to be no man, to haue no powers.
 Passions are womens parts, actions ours.

I was

I was in hope t'haue found you otherwise.

Thir. How? otherwise *Palemon*? doe not you
Hold it to be a most heroicke thing
To act one man, and doe that part exact?
Can there be in the world more worthinell
Then to be constant? is there any thing (change?)
Shewes more a man? What, would you haue me
That were to haue me base, that were indeed
To shew a feeble heart, and weakely set.

No no *Palemon*, I should thinke my selfe
The most vnworthy man of men, should I
But let a thought into this heart of mine
That might disturbe or shake my constancie.

And thinke *Palemon* I haue combates too,
To be the man I am, being built of flesh,
And hauing round about me traytors too
That seeke to vndermine my powres, and steale
Into my weakenesses, but that I keepe
Continual watch and ward vpon my selfe,
Least I should be surpriz'd at vnawares
And taken from my vowes with other snares.

And euen now at this instant I confesse,
Palemon, I doe feele a certaine touch
Of comfort, which I feare to entertaine;
Least it should be some spie, sent as a traine
To make discouery of what strength I am.

Pal. Ah worthie *Thirsis*, entertaine that spirit
What euer else thou doe: set all the doores
Of thine affections open thereunto.

Thir.

Thir. *Palamon* no. Comfort and I haue beene
 So long time strangers, as that now I feare
 To let it in, I know not how t'acquaint
 My selfe therewith, being vsed to conuerse
 VVith other humours, that affect me best.
 Nor doe I loue to haue mixt company
 VVhereto I must of force my selfe apply.

Pal. But *Thirsis* thinke that this must haue an end,
 And more it would approoue your worth to make
 The same your work, then time should make it his.

Thir. End sure it must *Palamon*, but with me:
 For so I by the Oracle was told
 That very day wherein I lost the day
 And light of comfort that can neuer rise
 Againe to mee: when I the saddest man
 That euer breath'd before those Altars fell,
 And there besought to know what was become
 Of my deare *Silua*, whether dead, or how
 Reast from the world: but that I could not learne.
 Yet thus much did that voice diuine returne:
 Goe youth, reserue thy selfe, the day will come
 Thou shalt be happy, and returne againe.
 But when shall be that day demanded I,
 The day thou dyest, replide the Oracle.

So that you see, it will not be in these
 But in th'Elizian fields, where I shall ioy,
 The day of death must bring me happinesse.

Pal. You may mistake the meaning of those words
 Which is not knowne before it be fulfill'd.

Yield

Yeeld you to what the gods command, if not
Vnto your friends desires: reserve your selfe
For better daies, and thinke the Oracle
Is not vnttrue, although not vnderstood.

But howsoeuer, let it not be said
That *Thirsis* being a man of so rare parts,
So vnderstanding and discrete, should pine in loue
And languish for a silly woman thus:
To be the fable of the vulgar, made
A scorne, and laught at, by inferiour wits.

Thir. In loue *Palemon*? know you what you say?
Doe you esteeme it light to be in loue?
How haue I beene mistaken in the choice
Of such a friend, as I held you to be,
That seemes not, or else doth not vnderstand
The noblest portion of humanity,
The worthiest peece of nature set in man?
Ah know that when you mention loue, you name
A sacred mistery, a Deity,
Not vnderstood of creatures built of mudde,
But of the purest and refined clay
Whereto th' eternall fires their spirits conuey.

And for a woman, which you prize so low,
Like men that doe forget whence they are men;
Know her to be th' especiall creature, made
By the Creator of the complement
Of this great Architect the world; to hold
The same together, which would otherwise
Fall all asunder: and is natures chiefe

Vice.

Vicegerent vpon earth, supplies her state.

And doe you hold it weakenesse then to loue?
 And loue so excellent a miracle
 As is a worthy woman, ah then let mee
 Still be so weake, still let me loue and pine
 In contemplation of that cleane, cleare soule,
 That made mine see that nothing in the world
 Is so supremely beautifull as it.

Thinke not it was those colours white and red
 Laid but on flesh, that could affect me so. (locke
 But something else, which thought holds vnder
 And hath no key of words to open it.
 They are the smallest peeces of the minde
 That passe this narrow organ of the voice.
 The great remaine behinde in that vast orbe
 Of th' apprehension, and are neuer borne.

And therefore if your iudge cannot reach
 Vnto the vnderstanding of my Case,
 You doe not well to put your selfe into
 My lury, to condemne me as you doe.
 Let th' ignorant out of their dulnesse laugh
 At these my sufferings, I will pittie them
 To haue beene so ill borne, so miscompos'd
 As not to know what thing it is to loue.

And I to great *Apollo* here appeale
 The soueraigne of the Muses, and of all
 Wel tun'd affections, and to *Cynthia* bright,
 And glorious Lady of cleere faithfulness;
 Who from aboue looke down with blisfull beames
 Vpon

Vpon our humble groues, and ioy the hearts
Of all the world, to see their mutuall loues;
They can iudge what worthinesse there is
In worthy loue. Therefore *Palamon* peace,
Vnlesse you did know better what it were.

And this be sure, when as that fire goes out
In man, he is the miserablest thing
On earth, his day-light sets, and is all darke
And dull within; no motions of delight,
But all oppress'd, lies struggling with the weight
Of worldly cares: and this olde *Damon* saies,
Who well had felt what loue was in his daies.

Pal. Well *Thirsis*, well, how euer you doe guilde
Your passions, to indeere them to your selfe,
You neuer shall induce me to beleue,
That sicknesses can be of such effect.
And so farewell, vntill you shall be well.

SCEN. V

Medorus. Charinus.

O Gods, *Charinus*, what a man is this?
Who euer heard of such a constancie?
Had I but knowne him in enioying him,
As now I doe, too late, in losing him,
How blest had bene mine age? but ah I was

D

Vnwor-

Vnworthie of so great a blessednesse.

Cha. You see, *Medorus*, how no counsell can
Preuaile to turne the current of his will,
To make it run in any other course
Then what it doth ; so that I see I must
Esteeme him irreuocably lost.

But harke, the shepheards festiuals begin,
Let vs from hence, where sadnesse were a sinne.

Here was presented a rurall marriage, conducted with this Song.

*From the Temple to the Boord,
From the Boord vnto the Bed,
We conduct your maidenhead:
Wishing Hymen to affoord
All the pleasures that he can,
Twixt a woman and a man.*

ACT. IIII, SCEN. I.

Thirsis solus

I Thought these simple woods, these gentle trees
Would, in regard I am their daily guest,
And harbour vnderneath their shadie roofes,
Not haue consented to delude my griefes ;

And

And mock my miseries with false reports :
But now I see they will afflict me too.

For as I came by yonder spreading Beech
Which often hath the Secretarie beene
To my sad thoughts, while I haue rested me
(if loue had euer rest) vnder his gentle shade,
I found incaru'd, and faire incaru'd, these words :

Thy Silvia, Thirsis, liues; and is return'd,

Ah me, that any hand would thus adde scorne
Vnto affliction; and a hand so faire
As this may seeme to be; which were more fit;
Me thinkes, for good, then to doe iniurie;
For sure no vertue should be ill imployd.

And which is more; the name of *Silvia* was
Caru'd in the selfe same kinde of character
Which shee aliue did vse, and wherewithall
Subscrib'd her vowes to me, who knowes it best;
Which shews the fraud the more, & more the wrög.
Therefore you stars of that high court of heauen,
Which do reueale deceits, and punish them,
Let not this crime, to counterfeit a hand
To couzin my desires, escape your doome.
Nor let these riots of intrusion, made
Vpon my l^{ov}enelle, by strange company
Afflict me thus, but let me haue some rest.

Come then, refresher of all liuing things,
Soft sleepe, come gently, and take truce with these
Oppressours, but come simple and alone,
VWithout these images of fantasie,

Which hurt me more then thou canst do me good:
Let me not sleepe, vnlesse I could sleepe all.

SCEN. II.

*Palemon.**Thirsis.*

A Las, he here hath laid him downe to rest,
It were now sinne his quiet to molest;
And God forbid I should; I will retire
And leaue him, for I know his griefes require
This poore releeuement of a little sleepe. (free?

Thi. What spirit here haunts me? what no time
Ah, is it you *Palemon*? would to God
You would forbear me but a little while:
You shew your care of me too much in this:
Vnseasonable loue, skarce kindnesse is.

Pal. Good *Thirsis*, I am sorie I should giue
The least occasion of disease to you;
I will be gone and leaue you to your rest.

Thi. Doe good *Palemon*, goe your way, farewell;
And yet *Palemon* stay, perhaps you may
By charmes you haue, cause sleep to close mine eies;
For you were wont, I doe remember well,
To sing me Sonnets, which in passion I
Composed in my happier daies, when as
Her beames inflam'd my spirits, which now are set.
And

And if you can remember it, I pray (loue)
Sing me the song, which thus begins: Eyes hide my
Which I did write vpon the earnest charge
Shee gaue vnto me, to conceale our loue.

The Song.

*Eyes hide my loue, and doe not shew
To any but to her my notes,
Who onely doth that cipher know,
Wherewith we passe our secret thoughts:
Belie your lookes in others sight;
And wrong your selues to doe her right.*

Pal. So now he sleeps, or else doth seeme to sleep;
But howsoeuer, I will not trouble him.

SCEN. III.

Clarindo.

Thirsis

SEe where he lies, whom I so long to see;
Ah my deere *Thirsis*. take thy quiet rest,
I know thou needst it, sleepe thy fill, sweete loue
Let nothing trouble thee: be calme oh windes,
Be still you heards, chirp not so loud sweet birds,
Lest you should wake my loue: thou gentle banke

That thus art blest to beare so deare a weight,
 Be soft vnto those dainty lymmes of his,
 Plie tender grasse, and render sweet refresh
 Vnto his wearie senses, whilst he rests.

Oh could I now but put off this disguise,
 VVith those respects that fetter my ~~desires~~ : *desire*
 How closely could I neighbour that sweet side?
 But stay, he stirres; I feare my heart hath brought
 My feete too neere, and I haue wakened him.

Thi. It will not be, sleepe is no friend of mine,
 Or such a friend, as leaues a man, when most
 He needes him. See a new assault: who now?
 Ah tis the boy that was with me erewhiles,
 That gentle boy; I am content to speake
 With him, he speakes so pretily, so sweet,
 And with so good respectiue modesty:
 And much resembles one I knew once well:
 Come hither gentle boy, what hast thou there?

Cla. A token sent you from the nymph I serue.

Thi. Keepe it my boy, and weare it on thy head.

Cla. The gods forbid, that I, a seruant, should
 Weare on my head, that which my mistresse hath
 Prepar'd for yours: Sir, I beseech you vrg
 No more a thing so ill becomming me.

Thi. Nay sure I thinke, it better will become
 Thy head then mine; and therefore boy, thou must
 Needes put it on.

Cla. I trust your lowⁿenesse hath not so
 Vnciuill'd you, to force a messenger

To doe against good manners, and his will.

Thi. No, good my boy, but I intreate thee now
Let me but put it on, hold still thy head,
It shall not be thy act, but onely mine:
Let it alone good boy, for if thou saw'st
How well it did become thee, sure thou wouldst.
Now, canst thou sing my boy some gentle song?

Cla. I cannot sing, but I could weepe.

Thi. VVeepe, why?

Cla. Because I am not as I wish to be.

Thi. VVhy so are none; be not displeas'd for this;
And if you cannot sing, tell me some tale
To passe the time.

Cla. That can I doe, did I but know what kinde
Of tale you lik'd.

Thi. No merry tale my boy, nor yet too sad,
But mixed, like the tragicke Comedies.

Cla. Then such a tale I haue, and a true tale,
Beleeue me Sir, although not written yet
In any booke, but sure it will, I know
Some gentle shepheard, moou'd with passion, must
Record it to the world, and well it will
Become the world to vnderstand the same.
And this it is: There was sometimes a nymph,
Isulia nam'd, and an *Arcadian* borne;
Faire can I not avouch shee was, but chaste,
And honest sure, as the event will prooue;
VVhose mother dying, left her very young
Vnto her fathers charge, who carefully

Did breed her vp, vntill shee came to yeares
Of womanhood, and then provides a match
Both rich, and young, and fit ynough for her.

But shee, who to another shepheard had
Call'd *Sirthis*, vow'd her loue, as vnto one
Her heart esteem'd more worthy of her loue,
Could not by all her fathers meanes be wrought
To leaue her choice; and to forgoe her vow.

Thi. No more could my deere *Silua* be from me.

Cla. Which caused much affliction to the both,

Thi. And so the selfe same cause did vnto vs.

Cla. This nymph one day, surcharg'd with loue &
Which comonly (the more the pittie) dwel (griefe,
As Inmates both together, walking forth
With other maydes, to fish vpon the shore;
Estrayes apart, and leaues her companie,
To entertaine her selfe with her owne thoughts:
And wanders on so far, and out of sight,
As shee at length was sudainely surpriz'd
By Pyrats, who lay lurking vnderneath
Those hollow rocks, expecting there some prize.
And notwithstanding all her pittious cryes,
Intreaty, teares, and prayes, those feirce men
Rent haire, and vaile, and caried her by force
Into their ship, which in a little Creeke
Hard by, at Anckor lay, and presently hoys'd saile,
And so away. *Thi.* Rent haire and vaile? and so
Both haire and vaile of *Silua*, I found rent,
Which heere I keepe with mee. But now alas

What

What did shee? what became of her my boy?

Cla. VVhen she was thus in shipp'd, and woefully
Had cast her eyes about to view that hell
Of horreur, whereinto she was so sudainely
Implung'd, shee spies a women sitting with a child
Sucking her breast, which was the captaines wife.
To her she creepes, downe at her feet she lyes;
O woman, if that name of woman may
Moue you to pittie, pittie a poore maid,
The most distressed soule that euer breath'd.
And saue me from the hands of these feirce men,
Let me not be defil'd, and made vncleane,
Deare woman now: and I will be to you
The faithfull'st slaue that euer mistres seru'd;
Neuer poore soule shall be more dutifall,
To doe what euer you command, then I.
No toile will I refuse; so that I may
Keepe this poore body cleane and vndeflowr'd,
Which is all I will euer seeke. For know
It is not feare of death laies me thus low,
But of that stain wil make my death to blu sh. (hart?)

Thi. VVhat, would not all this mooue the womans

Cla. Al this would nothing moue the womans hart,
VVhom yet she would not leaue, but still besought;
Oh woman, by that infant at your breast,
And by the paines it cost you in the birth,
Saue me, as euer you desire to haue
Your babe to ioy and prosper in the world.
VVhich will the better prosper sure, if you

Shall

Shall mercy shew, which is with mercy paid.

Then kisses shee her feet, then kisses too
The infants feete, and oh sweet babe (said shee)
Could'st thou but to thy mother speake for me,
And craue her to haue pittie on my case;
Thou might'st perhaps preuaile with her so much
Although I cannot; child, ah could'st thou speake.

The infant, whether by her touching it
Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weepe,
Lookes earnestly vpon her, and then looks
Vpon the mother, then on her againe,
And then it cries, and then on either looks:
Which shee perceauing, blessed childe, said shee,
Although thou canst not speake, yet do'st thou cry
Vnto thy mother for me. Heare thy childe
Deare mother, it's for mee it cries,
It's all the speech it hath: accept those cries,
Saue me at his request from being defilde;
Lett pittie moue thee, that thus mooues thy childe.

The woman, though by birth and custome rude,
Yet hauing veynes of nature, could not bee
But peircible, did feele at length the point
Of pittie, enter so, as out gusht teares
(Not vsuall to sterne eyes) and shee besought
Her husband, to bestow on her that prize.
VVith safegard of her body, at her will. (nymph,

The captaine seeing his wife, the childe, the
All crying to him in this pittious sort;
Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grants

his

His wiues request, and seales his graunt with teares;
And so they wept all foure for company,
And some beholders stood not with dry eies;
Such passion wrought the passion of their prize.

Thi. In troth my boy, and euen thy telling it
Moues me likewise, thou doost so feelingly
Report the same, as if thou hadst bene by.
But I imagine now how this poore nymph
VVhen she receiu'd that doome, was comforted?

Cla. Sir, neuer was there pardon, that did take
Condemned from the blocke, more ioyfull then
This graunt to her. For all her misery
Seem'd nothing to the comfort she receiu'd.
By being thus saued from impurity:
And from the womans feet she would not part,
Nor trust her hand to be without some hold
Of her, or of the childe, so long as shee remaind
VVithin the ship, which in few daies arriues
At *Alexandria*, whence these pirats were;
And there this woefull maide for two yeares space
Did serue, and truly serue this captains wife,
VVho would not lose the benefit of her
Attendance for her profit otherwise.
But daring not in such a place as that
To trust her selfe in womans habite, crau'd
That she might be appareld like a boy,
And so she was, and as a boy she seru'd.

Thi. And two yeares tis, since I my *Silua* lost.

Cla. At two yeares end, her mistres sends her forth
Vnto

Vnto the Port for some commodities,
 Which whilst shee sought for, going vp and downe
 Shee heard some merchant men of *Corinth* talke,
 Who spake that language the *Arcadians* did,
 And were next neighbours of one continent.

To them all rapt with passion, down shee knees,
 Tels them shee was a poore distressed boy,
 Borne in *Arcadia*, and by Pirats tooke
 And made a slaue in *Egypt*, and besought
 Them, as they fathers were of children, or
 Did hold their native countrey deare, they would
 Take pity on her, and releuee her youth
 From that sad seruitude wherein shee liu'd:
 For which shee hop'd that shee had friends aliue
 Would thanke them one day, & reward them too;
 If not, yet that, shee knew the heauens would doe.
 The merchants mou'd with pity of her case,
 Being ready to depart, tooke her with them,
 And landed her vpon her countrey coast, (fals,
 VVhere when shee found her selfe, shee prostrate
 Kisses the ground, thanks giues vnto the Gods,
 Thankes them who had beene her deliuerers.

And on shee trudges through the desert woods,
 Climes ouer craggie rockes, and mountaines steep,
 VVades thorough riuers, struggles thorough bogs,
 Sustained onely by the force of loue;
 Vntill shee came vnto the native plaines,
 Vnto the fields, where first shee drew her breath.

There lifts shee vp her eyes, salutes the ayre,

Salutes

Salutes the trees, the bushes, flowres, and all:
And oh deare *Sirthis*, here I am, said shee,
Here, notwithstanding all my miseries.

I am the same I was to thee; a pure,
A chaste, and spotlesse maide: oh that I may
Finde thee the man, thou didst professe to be.

Thi. Or else no man; for boy who truly loues,
Must euer so; that dye will neuer out:
And who but would loue truly such a soule?

Cla. But now, the better to haue notice how
The state of things then stood, and not in haste
To cast her selfe on new incumbrances,
Shee kept her habite still, and put her selfe
To serue a nymph, of whom shee had made choice
Till time were fitting to reueale her selfe.

Thi. This may be *Siluias* case; this may be shee;
But it is not: let me consider well:
The teller, and the circumstance agree.

SCEN. III.

*Montanus.**Thirsis.**Chorus.*

AH *Sirrha*, haue I found you? are you here
You princcock boy? and with your garland on?
Doth this attire become your peeuish head?
Come, I must teach you better manners, boy.

He stabs Clarindo, and rasbes off his garland.

So

So *Phillis*, I haue done my taske, and here
I bring the Trophey to confirme the same. (done?)

Thi. Ah monster man, vile wretch, what hast thou
Alas, in what a strait am I ingaged here?
If I pursue reuenge, I leaue to saue.

Help, help, you gentle swaines, if any now be neere,
Help, help: ah harke, euē Eccho helps me crie ^{help} (beast

Cho. What meanes this outcrie? sure some sauage
Disturbs our heards, or else some wolfe hath seiz'd
Vpon a Lambe. *Thi.* A worse thing then a wolfe,
More bloody then a beast, hath murdered here
A gentler creature then a lambe: therefore
Good swaines pursue, pursue the homicide.
That ougly wretch, *Montanus*, who hath stabd
This sily creature here, at vnawares.

Cho. *Montanus*? why, we met him but euen now,
Deckt with a garland, grumbling to himselfe;
We will attach that villaine presently:
Come sirs, make haste, and let vs after him.

SCEN. IIII.

Palamon.

Thirsis.

A Las, what accident is here false out? (passe?)
My deere friend *Thirsis*, how comes this to
Thi. That monster man *Montanus*, here hath stab'd

A

Hymens Triump.

A harmlesse youth, in message sent to me.
Now good *Palamon* help me hold him vp,
And see if that we can recouer him.

Pal. It may be *Thirsis*, more his feare then hurt:
Stay him a while, and I will haste and send
For *Lamia*, who with oyntments, oyle and herbes
If any help remayne, will help him sure.

Thi. Do good *Palamon*, make what haste you may
Seeke out for help, and be not long away.
Alas sweet boy, that thou shouldst euer haue
So hard misfortune, comming vnto me,
And end thy tale with this sad tragedie;
That tale which well resembled *Siluias* case,
VVhich thou resemblest; for such browes had she,
Such a proportion'd face, and such a necke.

VVhat haue we here, the mole of *Siluias* too? (all?
VVhat and her breasts? what? and her haire? what
All *Siluias*? yes, all *Siluias*, and all dead.
And art thou thus return'd againe to me?
Art thou thy selfe, that strange deliuered nymphe?
And didst thou come to tell me thine escape
From death to die before me? had I not
Ynough to doe, to wayle reported harmes
But thou must come to bleed within my armes?
VVas not one death sufficient for my greifes
But that thou must die twice? why thou wert dead
To me before. Why? must thou dye againe?
Ah, better had it bene still to be lost
Then thus to haue bene found; yet better found
Though

Though thus, then so lost as was thought before.
 For howsoeuer, now I haue thee yet
 Though in the saddest fashion that may be.
 Yet *Silua* now I haue thee, and will I
 No more for euer part with thee againe:
 And we this benefit shall haue thereby
 Though fate would not permit vs both to haue
 One bed, yet *Silua* we shall haue one graue.
 And that is something, and much more then I
 Expected euer could haue come to passe.

And sure the gods but only sent thee thus
 To fetch me; and to take me hence with thee;
 And *Silua* so thou shalt. I ready am
 T'accompany thy soule, and that with speed.
 The strings I feele, are all dissolu'd, that hold
 This wofull heart, reseru'd it seemes for this:
 And well reseru'd, for this so deare an end.

SCEN. V.

*Chorus.**Palemon.*

SO, we haue tooke the villaine, and him bound
 Fast to an Oake, as rugged as himselfe.
 And there he stares and gapes in th'ayre, and raues
 Like a wilde beast, that's taken in the toyle:
 And so he shall remaine, till time we see

What

What will become of this his sauage act.

Pa: Cheere *Thirsis*, *Lamia* will come presently
And bring the best preseruatiues she hath.

VVhat now? VVho lyes discovered here? Ayme,
A woman dead? Is this that boy transform'd?

VVhy, this is *Silua*. O good *Thirsis* how
Comes this to passe? Friend *Thirsis*, *Thirsis* speake.
Good *Thirsis* tell me. Out alas he sownes,
As well as she, and both seeme gone alike.

Come gentle heardf-men, come and carry them
To yonder sheep-cote quickly, that we may
(If possible) recouer them againe.

If not, performe those rites that appertaine
Vnto so rare a couple. Come my friends, make hast.

The fourth Song of the Chorus.

Qu. Were euer chaste and honest hearts
Expos'd vnto so great distresses?

Ans. Yes: they that act the worthiest parts,
Most commonly haue worst successes.

Great fortunes follow not the best,
It's vertue that is most distrest.

Then fortune why doe we admire

The glory of thy great excesses?

Since by thee what men acquire

Thy worke and not their worths expresses.

Nor dost thou raise them for their good:

But t haue their illes more understood.

ACT. V. SCAEN. I.

Chorus. Palemon.

DId euer yet *Arcadia* heare before
Of two so worthie louers, as we find
Thirsis and *Silvia* were? or euer had
Cleare truth, and simple constant honesty,
So lamentable an euent as this?
But here comes forth *Palemon*, we shall now
Learne all of him, what hath been done within.

Pal. Goe *Pollio*, summon all th' *Arcadia* youth
Here, round about, and will them to prepare
To celebrate with all delights they can
This ioyfull houre, that hath restord to vs
The worthiest paire of hearts that euer were.

Will them to shew the height of musiques art,
And all the straines of cunning they can shew:
That we may make these rockes and hilles about,
Ring with the Eccho of redoubled notes.

And will *Charinus* and *Medorus* too,
The aged parents of this worthie paire,
To come with speed, whose ioy, good soules, will be
More then their speed; and yet their speed I know,
Will be beyond th' allowance of their yeeres,
When they shall vnderstand this happie newes.

And

And summon likewise all the traine of nymphes
That glorifie our plaines, and all that can
Giue honour to this day.

Goe *Pollis* hast away, and as you goe
Vnbind *Montanus* that rude sauage swaine :
And though he be vnworthie to be here,
Yet let him come. He hath bene in his daies
Held a good fellow, howsoeuer now
His rage and loue transported him in this.

Cho. Palamon, we are glad to see you thus
Delightfull, now we hope there is good newes.

Pal. Good newes my friends, and I wil tell it you,
Silvia and *Thirsis* being to my cottage brought,
The skilfull *Lamia* comes and searcht the wound
Which *Silvia* had receiu'd of this rude swaine,
And finding it not deadly, she applyde
Those remedies she knew of best effect.
And bindes it vp, and powres into her mouth
Such cordiall waters as reuiue the spirits :
And so much wrought, as she at length perceiu'd
Life was not quite gone out, but lay opprest.

With like indeuours we on *Thirsis* worke,
And ministred like Cordials vnto him :
At length we might heare *Silvia* fetch a groane,
And therewithal *Thirsis* perceiu'd to moue,
Then *Thirsis* fet a groane, and *Silvia* mou'd
As if their liues were made both of one peece.
Whereat we ioyd, and then remoud' and set

Each before other, & held vp their heads, (cheekes:
And chaf'd their temples, rub'd and stroak'd their

Wherewith first *Silua* casts vp her dimme eyes,
And presently did *Thirsis* lift vp his.

And then againe they both together sigh'd,

And each on other fixt an vnseeing eye:

For yet t'was scarce the twylight of their new

Returning day, out of the night of death.

And though they saw, they did not yet perceiue

Each other, and yet both turn'd to one point

As toucht alike, and held their lookes direct.

At length we might perceiue, as life began

T'appeare; and make the morning in their eyes,

Their beames were cleerer, & their opener lookes

Did shew as if they tooke some little note

Of each the other: yet not so as they

Could thorowly discern who themselues were.

And then we tooke and ioynd their hands in one,

And held them so a while, vntill we fealt

How euen each others touch, the motion gaue

Vnto their feeling, and they trembling wrung

Their hands together, and so held them lockt,

Lookt still vpon each other, but no words at all.

Then we call'd out to *Thirsis*. *Thirsis* looke,

It is thy *Silua* thou here holdst, she is

Return'd, reuiu'd, and safe. *Silua*, behold thou hast

Thy *Thirsis*, and shalt euer haue him thine.

Then did we set them both vpon their feet

And

And there they stood in a ft, euen as before
 Looking vpon each other hand in hand:
 At laft we faw a blufhing red appeare
 In both their cheekes, which fense fent as a lampe
 To light their vnderftanding. And forthwith
 The teares gusht forth their eies, which hindred the
 A while from feeing each other, till they had
 Cleared them againe. And then as if new wak'd
 From out a fearefull dreame, they ftand and doubt
 Whether they were awake indeed, or elfe
 Still in a dreame, diftrufing their owne eyes.
 Their long indured miferies, would not
 Let them belieue their fudden happinelle,
 Although they faw it: till with much adoe
 They had confirm'd their credit, and had kift
 Each other, and imbrac'd, and kift againe,
 And yet ftill dumbe: their ioy now feem'd to be
 Too bufie with their thoughts, t'allow them words.

And then they walkt a little, then ftood ftill,
 Then walkt againe, and ftill held other faft
 As if they fear'd, they fhould be loft againe.

And when at laft they fpake, it was but thus,
 O *Silvia*, and O *Thirfis*, and there flopt.

VVe, left our fight and prefence (being there
 So many) hinder might the paffage of
 Their modeft, fimple, and vnpractis'd loue,
 Came all our way, and onely *Lamia* left
 VVhose fpirit, and that fufficient skill ſhe hath
 Will ferue no doubt, to fee they ſhall doe well.

Chs. VVell may they do deere couple, who have
 Grac'd our *Arcadia* with their faithfulness. (thus

SCAEN. II.

Phillis. Lidia. Cloris.

VWhat shall we now do *Lidia*? now am I
 Vtterly sham'd: this youth turn'd woman
Clarinde, Siluia is become; how now? (is.
 Can I for euer looke on her againe?
 Or come in any company for shame?
 Now must I needs be made a common ieast
 And laughing stocke to euery one that shall
 But heare how grossely I behau'd my selfe.

Lid. Faith *Phillis* as it is false out, your case
 Is very crazie, and to make it whole
 There is no way but euen to laugh it out,
 And set as good a face, as you can doe
 Vpon the matter, and say thus: How you
 Knew well inough it was no man whom you
 Affected so, who neuer could loue man,
 Nor euer would, and that by meere instinct
 And simpatheie of Sexe, you fancied him.
 So put it off, and turne it to a ieast,

Phs. That shall I neuer doe, but euer blush
 At her, to thinke what she will thinke of me,

VVho

Who did bewray my selfe so foolishly.

Lid. Are you here *Cloris*, you are blest to day
For being mistres vnto such a boy :
You may reioyce that euer this fell out.

Clo. Reioyce? ah *Lidia*, neuer was there nymphe
Had more occasion to be sad then I,
For I am quite vndone and sham'd hereby.
For I imploy'd this my supposed boy
In message vnto *Thirsis*, whom I lou'd
I must confesse, more dearely then my life :
And told him all the secrets of my heart.
And therefore with what face can euer I
Looke vpon them that know thus much by me?
No *Lidia*, I will now take *Thirsis* course :
Hide me for euer in these desert woods,
And neuer come in companie againe ;
They shall not laugh at me in their great ioyes.

Lid. But *Cloris*, I would laugh with them, were I
And howsoeuer felt my selfe within, (as you,
Yet would I seeme be otherwise without.
Cannot you say, that you knew well enough
How it was *Silvia* that you intertain'd,
Although you would not seeme to take such note ;
And thereupon imploy'd her in that sort
To *Thirsis*, knowing who it was would giue
To him the greatest comfort vpon earth.

And thus faire Nymphes you fitly may excuse
These simple slips, and know that they shall still
Haue crosses with their piles, who thus doe play

Their

Their fortunes with their loves, as you two did:
But you must frame your countenance thereto
And looke with other faces then their owne.
As many else doe here, who in their parts
Set shining lookes vpon their cloudy hearts,
And let vs mixe vs with this company
That here appears with mirth and iollitie.

The Song of the fifth Chorus.

*Who euer saw so faire a sight,
Loue and vertue met aright:
And that wonder Constance,
Like a Comet to the eye
Seldome euer seene so bright?
Sound out aloud so rare a thing,
That all the Hilles and Vales may ring.*

*Looke, Louers looke, with passion see,
If that any such there bee:
As there cannot but be such
Who doe feele that noble touch
In this glorious companie,
Sound out aloud, &c.*

FINIS.

6 JA 70

Page 51. line 24. & page 54. line 28. for loueneffe, reade loueneffe. Ib. p. 54. l. 6.
for deserue. desire. p. 59. l. 23. put out, all. p. 62. l. 7. at the verses end, adde, help.
p. 63. l. 6. r. eyes.

